



## ANYONE FOR FOOTBALL?

When Pancho Sigafoos, sophomore, pale and sensitive, first saw Willa Ludovic, freshman, lithe as a hazel wand and rosy as the dawn, he hemmed not; neither did he haw. "I adore you," he said without preliminary.

"Thanks, hey," said Willa, flinging her apron over her face modestly. "What position do you play?"

"Position?" said Pancho, looking at her askance. (The askance is a ligament just behind the ear.)

"On the football team," said Willa.

"Football!" sneered Pancho, his young lip curling. "Football is violence, and violence is the death of the mind. I am not a football player. I am a poet!"

"So long, buster," said Willa.

"Wait!" cried Pancho, clutching her damask forearm.

She placed a foot on his pelvis and wrenched herself free. "I only go with football players," she said, and walked, shimmering, into the gathering dusk.



Pancho went to his room and lit a cigarette and pondered his dread dilemma. What kind of cigarette did Pancho light? Why, Philip Morris, of corris!

Philip Morris is always welcome, but never more than when you are sore beset. When a fellow needs a friend, when the heart is dull and the blood runs like sorghum, then, then above all, is the time for the mildness, the serenity, that only Philip Morris can supply.

Pancho Sigafoos, his broken psyche welded, his fevered brow cooled, his synapses restored, after smoking a fine Philip Morris, came to a decision. Though he was a bit small for football (an even four feet) and somewhat overweight (427 pounds), he tried out for the team—and tried out with such grit and gumption that he made it.

Pancho's college opened the season against the Manhattan School of Mines, always a mettlesome foe, but strengthened this year by four exchange students from Gibraltar who had been suckled by she-apes. By the middle of the second quarter the Miners had wrought such havoc upon Pancho's team that there was nobody left on the bench but Pancho. And when the quarterback was sent to the infirmary with his head driven straight down into his esophagus, the coach had no choice but to put Pancho in.

Pancho's teammates were not conspicuously cheered as the little fellow took his place in the huddle.

"Gentleman," said Pancho, "some of you may regard poetry as sissy stuff, but now in our most trying hour, let us hark to these words from *Paradise Lost*: 'All is not lost; the unconquerable will and study of revenge, immortal hate, and courage never to submit or yield!'"

So stirred was Pancho's team by this fiery exhortation that they threw themselves into the fray with utter abandon. As a consequence, the entire squad was hospitalized before the half. The college was forced to drop football. Willa Ludovic, not having any football players to choose from, took up with Pancho and soon discovered the beauty of his soul. Today they are seen everywhere—dancing, holding hands, nuzzling, smoking.

Smoking what? Philip Morris, of corris!

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*And for you filter faneiers, the makers of Philip Morris give you a lot to like in the sensational Marlboro—filter, flavor, pack or box. Marlboro joins Philip Morris in bringing you this column throughout the school year.*



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